

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper, only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters, only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that; Whatever you do—Do that; Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Little Flo's Letter.

A sweet little baby brother Had come to live with Flo, And she wanted it brought to the table That it might eat and grow. "It must wait for awhile," said grandma, "In answer to her plea, 'For a little thing that hasn't teeth I guess,' after thinking gravely, 'No teeth, but nose and eyes!'"

"They must have been forsooth, Can't we buy him some like gran'pa's, I'd like to know why not?" That afternoon to the corner With paper, pen and ink, Went Flo, saying "Don't talk to me, If you do, you'll stop my think!"

I'm writing a letter, grandma, "To send away tonight," And "cause it's very 'portant, I want to get it right." At last the letter was finished— A wonderful thing to see— And directed to "God in Heaven," "Please read it over to me," Said Little Flo to her grandma, "To see if it's right, you know."

And here is the letter written To God from Little Flo: "Dear God—The baby you brought us Is awful nice and sweet, But 'cause you forgot his toes, The poor little thing can't sit; That's why I'm writing this letter A-supper to let you know; Please come and finish the baby; That's all. From Little Flo."

When I Become a Man, There is one thing I am sure of, When I'm a grown up man, I'll befriend the little archin, And give him what I can.

If I see a hungry schoolboy, I won't stare in wild surprise; I'll just say, "Go to the pantry, Help yourself to cake and pies!"

And I won't say, "Share with sister," As I hand him out a dime; But I'll pat him on the shoulder And say, "Have a bully time!"

It would give me joy at Christmas, If I could buy all I could see; And I would give to the fellows That looked just like Bill and me.

—Harold P. Osterhout.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO THE WIDE-AWAKES.

Every day at this season of the year we see boys and girls burning leaves by the roadside, which they think to be rare sport.

The way children play with fire today it seems difficult to believe that there was a time when grown-ups were afraid of fire, because they knew it was a destroyer, but did not know its origin.

If nature had not set fires by friction—by the winds rubbing dry limbs together—man would not have learned how to produce it by rubbing two sticks together, and if metal tools had not when coming in contact with metal or stones thrown off sparks of fire, man would not have known how to start a fire by knocking a spark from flint into iron, as most people used to do 150 years ago, when it was in order to borrow fire of a neighbor when the fire accidentally went out, because it was easier than setting a fire by rubbing wood together or striking a

spark from two pieces of flint into light material.

When men roved the earth in tribes and the fires used to come from the volcanoes out of the earth, or lightning out of the heavens, man in his ignorance first feared fire and then worshipped it as a god. When man acquired knowledge enough he made fire his servant, as he did later the lightning, and he had campfires to keep off wild beasts at night; and beacon fires to warn of peril; and then watchfires as signals that all was well, or otherwise; and finally the bonfire to celebrate festivals and to destroy rubbish for the promotion of health.

It was long after man had learned fire could be made useful in a hundred ways, and that little fires in the spring and autumn kept the waste and decaying products from polluting the air and making people sick, that children ventured to play with fire.

There is a proverb that "Fire is a good servant and a bad master," and another is "Shirts of straw should fear the fire," so you see as useful as fire is, it is always dangerous and must be carefully guarded. Many children have lost their lives because they were careless when playing with fire, and did not know the danger of it.

Fire now is known to be the most destructive element on earth when out of control, as well as the greatest blessing when carefully and skillfully used. Fire comes next to food in the economics of life.

Playing with fire, or by the fire, in ignorance is what makes it more dangerous and destructive. Never be careless in the use of matches, or where a fair fire seems to be making life gay.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mary Nolan of Taftville: Thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me, entitled "The Motor Boat Club in Florida." I have read it and found it very interesting.

Richard C. Moran of Norwich: I thank you for my lovely prize book. It is the first one of these series I have ever read.

Frances Fields of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book. It is very interesting.

Leon Dimock of Gurneyville: I thank you very much for my prize book. It is very interesting. I hope I will win another.

Helen Malone of Providence: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read part of it and like it very much.

Winifred Holton of North Franklin: Thank you very much for the book, "The Little Girl of Old New York," you sent me for a prize. I have read it all through. I like it very much.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Edna Reibetanz of Willimantic, A Little Girl in Old New Orleans.

2—Helen Malone of Providence, A Little Girl of Old Philadelphia.

3—Mary Rubie of Mansfield Four Corners, A Little Girl in Old Quebec.

4—Florence A. Whyte of Willimantic, A Little Girl in Old Detroit.

5—Augusta Krauss of Plainfield, Boy Scouts Through the Big Timber.

6—Lloyd Bailey of Colchester, The Motor Boat Club of Kennebec.

7—Marion Healy of South Windham, The Boy Scouts on the Trail.

8—Amelia Erwin of Norwich, Dave Darren's Third Year at Annapolis.

9—Harold P. Osterhout of Mansfield Depot, On the Colorado.

The winners of prize books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Jason and The Golden Fleece.

Once two little children, in peril of their lives, were rescued by a faithful ram, who set out to carry them to his back away across the sea to a far country called Colchis. On the way one of the children fell down into the sea and was drowned, but the ram carried the other safe to Colchis. He was, however, so exhausted by his long journey that he lay down and died. The gods, ever mindful of good

deeds, changed the fleece of the ram into pure gold, and it was hung, as a memorial, on a tree in a sacred grove, and guarded day and night by a fierce dragon.

The fame of the Golden Fleece spread abroad through the world. In Thessaly a young prince named Jason resolved to capture the Fleece. With a band of nine heroic companions he set sail for Colchis. Their ship was called the Argo; they themselves were therefore known as Argonauts. After many and strange adventures they reached Colchis.

Jason bade the Argonauts keep their weapons armed and ready to get away quickly. He set out alone for the grove, where he must kill the dragon before he could carry off the Golden Fleece; yet so terrible was this dragon that Jason was small chance of success. But Jason's friends with the Princess of Colchis, named Mede, and she came to his aid. She threw a magic powder down the dragon's throat, and he fell into a heavy sleep. Jason seized the precious fleece and rushed back to the Argo. The rowers were seated on their benches, their oars in the air ready to dash the water. On came Jason, and with one bound he leaped on board. The heroes raised a mighty shout to the sound of which the galley leaped over the waves, heading for Thessaly. Thus Jason achieved the quest of the Golden Fleece.

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 15, East Norwich, N. Y.

The Box of Flames.

Once upon a time in a faroff country there lived a poor peddler named Joga and his wife, named Damon. They made curious jewelry, which Joga took to the markets of the city. On his way some one day after having sold very little of his jewelry and wondering how he and Damon would live if trade did not grow better over the waves, heading for Thessaly. Thus Jason achieved the quest of the Golden Fleece.

"O good lady!" he said, holding up a ring from his tray, "please buy a ring; it will adorn your hands as yours." The girl took the ring from Joga and said: "It is very beautiful; let me see the other pieces of jewelry." Joga handed them all to her, but she shook her head and said: "I like this curious ring best. I will keep it, but you will have to go to a king who lives at the other side of the country for your part."

"Suppose he will not pay me," said Joga, looking anxiously at the ring on her finger, for she was walking away. "Oh, have no fear of that," said the girl, "you will but if he should refuse, tell him I will find the exact amount in the box of streaming flames to which he has sworn." The girl went to the forest and seemed to become a part of the trees.

Joga walked away quite dazed by what had occurred, but the thought of what Damon would say when he told her what had happened brought him to his senses. "She will never believe me," he said. "She will think I sold the ring and spent the money in drink." But he resolved to tell the truth and try to go to the place with her where the girl had directed him.

"You are a foolish old man," said Damon, when he told her his story. "You will have a long journey and get nothing for your trouble. You had better stay here and get your old ring back." But Joga said he would try to get the money from the king first, and finally persuaded Damon to go with him. The king welcomed him all the way and wished she had stayed at home, but they soon got to the palace and the king found the streaming box of flames, and in it was the exact sum that Joga wanted for the ring.

JESSE BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

My Vacation.

During this summer I spent most of my time in Bristol, Rhode Island. I arrived the night before the Fourth of July. It seemed as if it were the fourth then. Col. Colt's residence was all lit up with electric lights and Chinese lanterns. It was a beautiful sight. There was to be a grand fireworks display in the park, which looked mostly like a house. Many fireworks were being fired off, which were beautiful.

In the morning in a parade I saw the colors of the Louisiana National Guard company dressed up as Continentals, Boy Scouts, G. A. R. and the old coach of Rhode Island which took the men to the coast. Washington Col. Colt and their present congressman rode in it, and there was a foal representing the Minute Men. Last of all was the firemen of the town and different societies. A salute of twenty-one guns was given at twelve o'clock.

There was a band concert and a base ball game. The evening there was a band concert and fireworks.

I enjoyed my visit very much, and have many other things which I wish to tell you some other time.

AMELIA ERWIN, Age 13, Norwich.

The Story of a Penny.

Well, girls and boys, I am sure you wouldn't say "I am only an old penny now, but once I was a new shining one like most new pennies."

I was born in the United States mint in the year of 1899.

Once I was only a piece of copper, but then I was taken to the United States mint and put in a machine. When I came out of the machine I was very bright and shiny. An Indian head was stamped on me and a wreath was placed around the Indian head. At the bottom was written the year I was born. I felt very proud when I was all made.

Eager hands were anxious to get me. The man who worked in the United States mint said he was going to take me to the little daughter of the gave me to her and she was very glad to get me.

One day when she went to school she forgot her pencil home. As she did not have any money with her except me, she went into a store and gave me in exchange for a pencil. She was sorry to part with me, because I was now an old penny.

The woman in the store put me into a dark cash register.

In two days a little boy came in and asked for a nickel's change. Four more pennies and I were given to him. He dropped me on the floor under the counter in the store. As he could not find me, he left me there and went away. I sat still under the counter, where I am writing you my story—Unsigne.

An Adventure With a Bear.

One Saturday afternoon four boys were talking near a store in Baltic. Their names were Tom, Bill, Joe and Ted.

Suddenly Tom exclaimed: "I have an idea."

"Go with it," said the other boys. "Let's go hunting," said Tom. So the boys went, and they appointed Ted for cook. He started to make dinner while the other boys went off hunting. Suddenly Ted turned around and there was a large bear looking at him. He turned and picked up the frying pan and flung it at the bear.

This made the bear very angry, so he ran after Ted.

Ted started for a tree, when he reached it the bear was only 50 yards back of him and he gave Ted a good shake.

He climbed up the tree, when the bear climbed up a tree near by. The bear was half way up when he saw a limb that touched the tree that Ted was on.

The bear started to cross that Ted

shook the limb, and down went the bear, head first. It was killed instantly, and Ted climbed down and skinned it. The boys returned soon and they had an armful of bearskins each.

They went home and sold the skins and got about \$5.00 for them all, but Ted never forgot his adventure with the bear.

JAMES S. SEWART, Age 12, Baltic.

Little Daisy.
Once upon a time there lived a little girl and her name was Little Daisy. She had golden hair, blue eyes and wore a blue sack. She walked through her flower garden most every morning. Her favorite flowers were daisies and roses. She liked most every wild flower. There was a buttercup field near her home that she liked to play in.

Her friend's name was Isabel. One day they were playing hide-and-go-seek. Little Daisy was it; they were playing in the buttercup field. Little Daisy forgot all about play and began to pick buttercups.

Pretty soon Isabel began to call her. Isabel asked her why she did not look for her, and she said: "I forgot to, the buttercups were so pretty!"

Isabel said: "You seem to like flowers."

DONALD PECKHAM, Age 9, South Windham.

Edith's Birthday.
Edith woke up to see the sun shining brightly in at her window on the morning of her birthday. She hurried to get dressed quickly for her mother had promised to send for her two little cousins, Mary and Alice, and to let them have a little party together.

Edith took up her shoes and there sitting in them were two sweet little dolls dressed in blue and pink.

"Oh!" cried Edith in delight, "I am going to call you Bluebell and Primrose."

Around Bluebell's neck she found a note with the words: "We are ten of the ten dolls that have come to live with our Mamma Edith; we are hiding; look for us."

Edith flew down the stairs and started to hunt, but only one doll was found before the breakfast bell rang.

When Mary and Alice arrived they started to look for them. They found all kinds of dolls in the waste basket, under hats and in many other places around the house.

Finally seven of the dolls were found. "I wonder where that other little doll is?" said Alice.

"We will look for her after supper," said Edith.

The little girls went into the pantry to get a drink of water and there they found a doll with her milk pail and stool.

"Oh, you dear little Milkmaid!" cried Edith, hugging her doll with all her might.

Mamma now called the children in to supper. After supper Mary and Alice went home.

That night Edith went to bed tired but happy, with her ten little dolls on the bed beside her.

EDNA REIBETANZ, Age 11, Willimantic.

How Uncle Sam Got His Name.

Dear Uncle Jed: I know the Wide-Awakes would like to know the origin of the term Uncle Sam as applied to the United States government, so I will tell them about it.

In the war of 1812 between this country and Great Britain Elbert Anderson of New York purchased a large amount of pork for the American army.

It was inspected by Samuel Wilson, who was known among his friends as Uncle Sam. The barrels of pork were marked "E. A. U. S.," the lettering being done by an employee of Mr. Wilson.

When asked by fellow workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S. for United States) were then entirely new to them, he said, "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen and passed current and Uncle Sam being present was occasionally rallied on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Soon the incident appeared in print and the joke rapidly gained favor until it was recognized in every part of the country, and will no doubt continue so while the United States remains a nation.

HELEN MALONE, Age 14, Providence, R. I.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Bunny.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last year my brother set a trap to catch a skunk. Instead of a skunk he caught a grey squirrel.

He could not carry her home be-

Protect Yourself—Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE

Horlicks Malted Milk

The Food Drink for all Ages—Others are Imitations

cause she would bite him and then run away. He went home and took a cage, checked her into it and tied a handkerchief on her face so she would not know where she was biting.

He brought her home and put her in the kitchen and we named her Bunny. When she was six months old we let her go; but she did not run away.

Bunny used to run and play with her kittens and talked to them in her own language. The little kittens seemed to understand her.

But in the month of July my dear pet Bunny died.

MARY RYBIC, Mansfield Four Corners.

She Goes to Oyster Bay.
Dear Uncle Jed: I walk to Oyster Bay every day as I go to high school. Oyster Bay is about two miles away from East Norwich.

The Minneola fair is over now and at Phipps Rock they are having a horse show there was a flower show in Oyster Bay.

I am in the first year at high school and I have six studies. I have two or three lessons to do at home every night.

Our apples are getting ripe now. I like doing the fall work best, and my mother had to send an automobile down to high school to fetch me.

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 15, East Norwich, N. Y.

Likes Fall Work Best.
Dear Uncle Jed: We have been doing our fall work and I helped get the beans and tomatoes in before the frost.

My brother and I have gathered enough apples to supply the cows ever since the first ones were ready. I like doing the fall work best, and watching father putting all the good things into the cellar.

There is a little verse I've learned about fall:

Of all the seasons in the year I like the fall the best. For then the farmers gather: The fruit so ripe and sweet, And even the very poorest: Have some of it to eat.

Your loving niece, FLORENCE A. WHITE, Age 9, Willimantic.

Going Nutting.
Dear Uncle Jed: We have no school for two weeks, and I am going to tell you about going nutting.

My girl friends and I went nutting Monday. We started out early in the morning and took some lunch with us. We did not come back until supper time.

We took our dogs with us. My dog's name is Spot. We saw four gray squirrels, and when they saw the dogs they climbed the trees and we did not see them again for the rest of the day.

We got a lot of chestnuts and on our way home we saw some other boys going home from nutting, but they did not have as many nuts as we did.

We got lost in the woods, but we soon found our way out, and were soon home again.

AUGUSTA KRAUSS, Age 11, Plainfield.

Two Years Without Missing a School Lesson.

Dear Uncle Jed: I go to school. I have two certificates at home. They are for steady attendance. I went to school two years without missing a day; but I do not expect any certificate this year because I have missed one half day. I was sick and could not go to school. I like to go to school.

It is my fourth year at school. I am in the fifth grade. We have drawing and singing. I like singing very much. I hope some day when I am a grown up lady I can be a singing teacher.

MARION HEALY, Age 9, South Windham.

She Liked the Hospital.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my stay at the Backus hospital. One night I was taken sick. The next morning I was taken to the hospital. I had appendicitis. They made me stay three weeks and I liked

it very much. The doctor and my nurses were very good to me. My friends brought flowers, fruit and games. The Sunday school I go to sent me a pretty plant. I am all right now.

From your loving niece, LOUISE ERWIN, Age 11, Norwich.

The Puritans.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time there were some people in England who were called Puritans.

The king of England would not let them worship God as they pleased, and some of them went to Holland.

They stayed there about thirteen years; but they found their children were learning the language of the Dutch, and so they went to Plymouth. There they stayed and lived peacefully. They became rich.

GRACE KENNEDY, Age 12.

Enjoyed the Trout Fishing.

Dear Uncle Jed: As this is my birthday I am writing to the Wide Awake circle. I want to tell you how I enjoyed my summer vacation.

I went with my papa and mamma and brothers to Ocean beach the Fourth of July. We ate our lunch at the beach and then we went to the ball game in the afternoon.

The birth of August we went on the steamer Block Island. It was the first time I had ever been to Block Island, but I hope it will not be the last for we had such a good time. I love the water; besides we had a fine view of a number of United States battleships.

I enjoyed the trout fishing very much this year. One day I caught two beauties. They each weighed one half pound. The gentleman I was with caught one that weighed a pound.

On the second day of September we went to the fair. This was the last good time of my vacation, for the next Monday our school commenced.

We have a new teacher. I like her very much. I am in the fourth grade and study hard for I want to make two grades this year.

FLOYD BAILEY, Age 11, Colechester.

A Little Sister to Play With.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have not written to you for a long time, and now I am writing to you. I have a little sister to play with but I don't like to play with her for I like to play better with the girls. She is so small. She is a year old.

When I go to school she begins to cry so my mother takes her and gives her some thing to play with and then she stops crying and when I come home from school she is so glad to see me again.

PAULINE ABRAMSON, Age 8, Norwich.

There is a great demand for ceiling electric fans in Hong Kong.

HEAD STUFFED? GOT A COLD? TRY PAPE'S

"Pape's Cold Compound" relieves worst cold or the gripe in a few hours—No quinine used.

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses, then all gripe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves the headache dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, after meals and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.

Take It To Lincoln's

He Does All Kinds of Light Repairing. Typewriters, Keys, Umbrellas, Cameras a specialty.

Now located in the Steiner Block, 265 Main St., rooms over Disco Bros. Established 1880

THE DEAD BIRD

In the first school I went to one of the first things I saw was a dead bird in a glass case on the wall. It must have been very old, for the glass had a bad crack in it, and the wings of the bird had lost the bright look which they had when the bird lived and flew and sang. Till then I had seen no dead thing, and it took a long time for the thought to reach my child brain that here was a real bird, and yet not a live bird. I was a town child, but birds were quite well known friends of mine in the parks and on the trees. I knew the thrush and the lark, their songs were in my ears on the days when I spent long hours on the grass or in the woods. I knew the sound of more than one bird's song—

For one is glad, her note is gay, And one is sad, her note is low, And I learned why. I heard that there were boys who did not love birds, and that the nests were not safe from those who stole the eggs. Worse still, when the young birds were born the thieves who came to take the eggs had been known to steal the brood of young as well. But up till this time they had not told me of death. I did not know of the fate of the young birds. Life I knew, death was new to